

THE STANLEY EXPEDITION.

Another Letter from Frank Pocock at Ujiji.

A STUBBORN FIGHT.

Escaping from the Hostile Natives of Utura.

THE HORRORS OF SLAVERY.

An Attempt to Explore Lake Albert Nyanza.

FORCED TO RETREAT.

Utu, Lake Tanganyika.

My dear Brother—It is a long time since I received your interesting letter. I was glad to find and to hear I had such friends that took such an interest in my welfare. Your letter contained words that at the time my tongue could not thank enough. I handed the letter to Ted without saying one word—my heart was full—and Ted handed it back to me with tears of joy in his eyes, and said, "Brother, you are not forgotten." We were then in the bush, and all the letters received there were good letters of comfort and joy. But since then I know nothing. That was in November, 1874.

The country we have travelled through contains some curious people. About five or six days after Ted's death we had a fight in the country of Utura—the people, a fine race of men and women, entirely naked. We arrived in camp in the afternoon. The natives brought food to barter for beads. We and our men made trade with them, and our guide from the neighboring tribe made brotherhood with the Sultan, and all went on well. One of our men was left in the road, sick. He had a small piece of red cloth on, through which he lost his life at sunset that evening. The next morning men were sent back to seek him. The next day they returned and reported that they saw where he was murdered, the footprints of the people in the struggle with a piece of the red cloth. We decided on marching the next morning, but, persuaded by the chief, we stopped. The people were very kind and brought a bullock. It was killed and eaten before we knew their colour. This is to make friends by giving the animal, and if certain parts of it are not returned they fight. But nothing seemed wrong until one of our men was shot in the arm with an arrow, and another was run through with a spear and killed. Their arrows were coming in the camp. It was time to defend ourselves.

A STUBBORN FIGHT.

For four days we were fighting; we lost twenty-three men and ten muskets. But the loss on their side was great; they had no guns, but, brave fellows, they fought well for three days; then it grew too warm for them. They were to be seen running to their villages among the rocks, while a few hung about close to our camp. Our men were very excited, and began setting fire to their villages, looting their stores. Parties were sent to plunder and set fire to the houses; they did so, too, for our camp was soon loaded with food, such as matema peas, beans, ground nuts, millet, maize, chickens, eggs, goats, sheep and two bullocks, pombo (beer made of matema), honey, matema dour, bows, arrows and spears. On the fourth day, in the evening, there was none to be seen—no man! At the first of the fight the savages were as thick as bees in a hive, and as fast as they were shot down they were carried away. On the morning of the fifth day, about two o'clock, we mustered the camp and crept away through bush and swamp and escaped in a tort constructed by nature as if for shelter for us. The massive heaps of granite stones on all sides protected our weary bodies from the cold east wind, and all fear was gone.

DEATH OF TED POCK.

We had found a good harbor. The next day we entirely lost the savages, or they had lost us. Soon after leaving camp Mr. Stanley saw a road, and this was the very road we wanted; but the natives would not disclose the secret of this road from the first. In an hour after finding the road we came to a river—an arm of the Nile, with a current like a sluice, but narrow and deep. We put two sections of the boat together after getting a rope across. This was done by a man going far above the crossing place; he thus managed to reach the other side with a small line. We went on the boat, rode through a cold of wire, and in three hours the whole caravan was on the other side, and in three days more we reached the great Tembo (Elephant Back)—for such is the name of the village, also of the prince, and these few lines are all I can say at present about the skirmish with the natives. I am no peon to explain anything with pen and ink, therefore I hope you will excuse me for this attempt. If I have the good fortune to come back I can tell you more.

Mr. Stanley left here on the 11th of June to explore the lake, and has not returned yet. I have been sorry a thousand times I could not see you before leaving home, but I hope to see you on some fine day in May, 1877. I little thought of having such a journey as this when you left us at the factory. I thought that Ted said "Goodby," then, for the last time, but God will do as he pleases. I have no doubt his death was felt at home very much by all; but what must I have said to leave a brother in such a country that I dare not say our heads were our own for an hour?

DEATH OF TED POCK.

The natives were around us like wolves the night he died, thinking something was amiss; but they could not find out his grave. We had to bury him in the dark under a nambo tree in the camp; Mr. Stanley performed the service, with the Wagnans kneeling around him. But the next morning we heard no more the sound of Ted's bag—it was gone, and that was the end of it. The people were awaked by a noise, and a man came to the tent and told us of a native's murder. Indeed, in the time of "Mabruk"—such was my brother's African name—his morning bugle call was always loud and strong, and many smiles from the Wagnans greeted him, for he was the favorite of all in camp. Even now I often hear the people of an evening, sitting around the camp fire, talk of "Bana Mabruk." What a merry fellow he was!

If Harry is married I hope he won't forget this poor runaway; truly, runaway was from the world. No white face to be seen, but all black and savage. My dear brother, I hope you are not at a loss for some one to make your story lively at night. There is plenty of noise here at night, though different from the noise at home. Here I hear always the roar of the sea on the shore of wild Tanganyika, or some poor wretch screaming for mercy who is being beaten by a slave dealer.

SLAVERY.

In my opinion they think it a fine deed to beat a poor, ill-fated woman, with a child sucking at her breast. The cruelty carried on here is dreadful to look at and to hear of. The Wall of Ujiji only a few days ago put a poor creature to death for staying in the fields after work was over. He thought that she wanted to desert. The Arabs come to our house and ask me all sorts of things about the slave trade, and want to know why the English try to put down the slave trade. "They say why don't you buy and sell slaves, and make yourselves rich, as we do?" I told them English people had a better way of getting rich than buying and selling people like goats and cows. I asked, "Was man made to be bought and sold in that way, and was man made to be in chains, carry donkeys' loads, sleep in the open air like dogs, to be lashed like horses, while you sit inside and receive the worth of their labor, and not return enough food for them to eat—no, not half enough?" They say, "English people are good, but why should they stop the slave trade and ruin us?" (The Arabs) If I offend or please by my plain speech I don't know, but I am English, and you know an Englishman's blood is not quiet at slavery; therefore he cannot help saying what he thinks, and in such a country as this it makes him feel proud he has such a

home as England to boast of. But, my dear brother, we will return to another subject.

MARCHING TO UJJI.

We left Karaga on March 25, and arrived here on May 27—a very long march, with but a short time to do it in. Where we shall go from here I must inform you in another letter, but we hope to reach one coast or the other very soon. On arriving here I was somewhat despondent. I got over that and I was then seated with Ted, which nearly ended my days; but, no, my time was not come; for by the hand of Providence I got well, and here I am, without hardly a sleep in which to tread the scorching, burning soil of Africa. But I hope to pull through and reach home in about May, 1877, and then if the cottage has some liquor we can drink home to the Stanley Expedition. Are all well at home? I often think of you all, and that is the most I can do. There are no merry fellows here, no kind of those laughing faces I have so often seen, no kind mother or father, or sister or brother.

But all is for the best. I wish not to return until enough work is done to repay our toils and troubles and those who sent us.

The slaves in Ujiji are the most degraded class and the most wretched I have seen in Africa. They are ill-fed and beaten, eaten up alive with itch and scurvy, and they are driven like cattle to work in the fields and to build houses. If such work does not want help from the English it is not wanted at the coast or anywhere. Then, again, the barbarous deeds carried on with the natives.

THE WITCH DOCTOR.

If a fine lad or a fine young woman dies some one is supposed to have murdered him or her. The tribe is mustered and clouds of smoke from a wood fire under a large tree, then an old wizard man comes to the crowd, who has just emerged from the thickets of some hill, where he says he has had communications with the Sun or Moon. All are seated on the ground and silent. The old man is dressed in a fine tiger's skin, with the teeth hung on his neck, which they say contain his power of witchcraft. He mixes a certain kind of herb, and they all drink, and he goes off in a swoon. When he recovers all look eager on him to see who killed their son or daughter. By this time the witch, as I call it, takes effect, and whoever this affects most is the culprit, and is despatched with knives into eternity. Does people not need some light? "For all the land is foul with monstrous wrong and desolation of the sons of hell."

Then, again, the Wagnans—meaning free people—are, half of them, slaves of Arabs. Although they know white men, and know there is a God, and know and have seen the coast, ships and different things, yet they are nearly as wicked and ignorant as man can be.

NATIVE SUPERSTITION.

They believe in all kinds of witchcraft, buy and sell slaves, and many of them are slaves themselves. In the evening one will start to know of a village in the distance, and a man will come in, and tell him a tiger, and kill all the people that make great medicine so as to be the great doctor. Such is the talk around the camp fire. We left the Victoria Nyanza and travelled through Uganda, and on January 1, 1876, we entered the country of Ujiji, totally unknown to any European eye. We travelled on for several days, not seeing a single person. They had gone to earth, for they are like rabbits, and they live chiefly underground. In time of war they put their cattle and women underground while the men fight. They have large dogs, which they train to fight. They also dig elephant pits, and holes to catch men. Several of our men were caught in them and went out of sight, but by screaming loud were heard and pulled out.

LAKE ALBERT NYANZA.

On the 11th day we reached within sight of the beautiful Lake Albert Nyanza. Here I was taken with a severe fever. We had travelled with an escort of 2,000 men, sent by Mtesa, King of Uganda, and if they could have found a peacable district for us to build our camp we should have waited for the other white men; but there was no place to build, as we did at the Victoria Nyanza while Mr. Stanley explored the lake. On the 12th men were sent in all directions to find a camp and report. In the evening they returned and told us that there was no peacable place to be found and that the villages all round were full of armed men.

THE RETREAT.

The Ugoyos came to the Wagandas camp (just within hearing) and asked, "What do you want here? Why have you brought the white man here? We will fight, to kill you? To-morrow we will fight." There were many thousands about us waiting for us to go down to the lake and then come down on us. We saw the Wagandas desert us, therefore if we did not agree with them we should have perished by the hands of the Ugoyos, so we returned to Uganda and from there to Karaga.

My dear brother, I cannot explain all this with pen and ink. My words are all huddled together, so that I don't know which is put down first; but I must tell you in person when I come home. I can assure you I am longing to see you all. You must tell all and show them the letter. I cannot write to all. Tell . . . and all the girls not to be down-hearted, for I am coming when little expected, and if the cottage is still in the wood we will give it a good African warming. I remain your loving and affectionate brother,

F. J. POCK.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

Miss Cecile Rush plays an engagement at the Museum, Philadelphia, this week.

Mr. E. L. Davenport will play Dan'l Druce at the Walnut Street Theatre next week.

Miss Edie Kiser makes her first appearance in Philadelphia this evening, at the Arch Street Theatre, in "The Water Child," which has been greatly improved since its production at the New Broadway Theatre last week and will be presented this evening, with new scenery and a new cast.

Mr. C. A. Crosby, Miss Koller's popular agent, will have a benefit concert tendered him at the Tabernacle, Jersey City, on the 31st, at which Miss Koller, Miss Lancaster, Mr. Fritsch, Mr. James Horton and Mr. George Colby will appear.

Miss Louise Pomeroy will appear at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on May 21. During her engagement she will appear in "As You Like It," "Cymbeline" and "Macbeth," supported by McKee Rankin.

WHOLESALE POISONING.

VIOLENT SYMPTOMS FOLLOWING A BREAKFAST—MEMBERS OF A FAMILY AND VISITORS DEAD—IN A HOPELESS CONDITION—WAS IT AN ACCIDENT OR MONSTRIOUS CRIME?

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

PORTSMOUTH, N.Y., May 6, 1877.

At twelve o'clock last night a messenger arrived in Norfolk from the plantation situated near Kempville, Princess Anne county, known as Level Green, and brought the news of a terrible affair which occurred at that place yesterday morning.

THE FAMILY AND VISITORS.

The plantation is carried on by Messrs. Thomas Hoggar and Arthur C. Herbert, and is presided over by Mrs. Laura McAlpine, a sister of Mr. Herbert and widow of the late Dr. James McAlpine. The other inmates of the house on this fatal morning were Misses Daisy and Becky McAlpine, aged respectively fifteen and seventeen; Misses Lydia and Stasia McComb, daughters of John Mayer, and Mr. Thomas McComb, the last named three being visitors.

SYMPTOMS OF POISON.

Almost immediately upon arising from the table yesterday morning the five ladies mentioned and Mr. McComb were taken suddenly sick with vomiting and other symptoms of poisoning. Dr. H. T. Hunter, of Kempville, who was summoned to his house arrived and after examining the sufferers he pronounced that they had been poisoned with arsenic or strychnine.

The Doctor tried every means in his power to relieve them, but without avail, excepting in the case of Mr. McComb, who recovered more or less under the treatment of the others, and soon yielded to the antidotes administered. The ladies, however, continued to grow worse, and late last night a messenger arrived in Norfolk from the plantation, bringing the news that the five ladies and Mr. McComb were dead, and that the Doctor had pronounced the poisoning was accidental or a monstrous crime perpetrated by some one.

PRIZE FIGHT IN NEW JERSEY.

A prize fight occurred at Guttenberg, N. J., early yesterday morning, between M. Hannan, proprietor of the "Club House" saloon in Weehawken, and Thomas Pinner, a laborer, in which twenty rounds were fought. The proprietor of the "Club House" was badly hurt, and the fight was a very close one. The fight was made. The greatest secrecy was preserved concerning the affair. Pinner was but slightly punished.

THE BODY OF JOHN T. DALY DISCOVERED IN A HOUSE IN ASTORIA.

The Body of John T. Daly Discovered In a House in Astoria.

SUICIDE BY SHOOTING AND HANGING.

His Demented Wanderings—A Fight With Roughs for the Dead Man's Jewelry.

The body of John T. Daly, the millionaire owner of the Windsor Hotel and other valuable real estate in this city, who has been missing for some days, was found yesterday morning in a vacant and dilapidated house on the De Bevoise farm, about midway between Calvary Cemetery and Tompkins avenue, on the old Astoria road. The situation of the body and marks upon it clearly point to death by hanging, and a pistol shot as well. It will be remembered that Mr. Daly, who lived near the Windsor Hotel was missed from his home on Tuesday morning last. For some time he had manifested a depression of spirits, it was alleged, resulting from reverses growing out of shrinkage in the value of real estate which he was carrying for a better market. His family reported his disappearance to the officials of the Central Office, and Detective John Dunn was detailed to investigate what the family believed to be a case of foul play and the police one of suicide. The last trace the detective obtained of the unfortunate gentleman was at the market, corner of Forty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, where, on Tuesday, he gave an order for provisions. New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City were in vain searched for some tidings of Mr. Daly's movements.

HIS APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK, L. I.

On Wednesday last a gentleman, who is now known to be Mr. Daly, appeared on foot at a little hotel in the town of the old Astoria road and Tompkins avenue, distant about three miles east of Long Island City, on the road to Newtown. He stopped at the little hotel, which is kept by Walter Bowen, who combines with this business that of undertaker to Coroner Garland, of West Flushing. At the hotel Mr. Daly remained for several hours, and spent much of the time walking up and down the veranda. The loungers about this tavern noticed that the man's mind seemed to be wandering, but when he asked the undertaker for a glass of lemonade and drank it he conversed quite rationally. Toward night he disappeared. About eight o'clock on the following (Thursday) morning he again appeared at the undertaker's saloon, and for some time promenade the veranda in an absent-minded manner, swinging a stick carelessly, as he strode from side to side, and started to go, but he was called back by the undertaker, who told him that he was wanted by the police. He went to the police station, and was taken to the police house, where he was held until the next morning. He was then taken to the police house, where he was held until the next morning. He was then taken to the police house, where he was held until the next morning.

THE FINDING OF THE BODY.

It was by the merest accident that the body was discovered yesterday in the house, as already stated. George Boywell is a painter at Laurel Hill, in the town of Newtown. Yesterday being a fine day, in company with a friend, he started out for a walk along the Astoria road, which is the dividing line between the corporation of Long Island City and the town of Newtown. Arriving at the one story and attic house that stands back from the road about fifty feet, and which has not been occupied for over a year, curiosity prompted them to enter. On the main floor, the front door of the first story, they were surprised to discover a fine hat and a collar. This led them to ascend the stairs to the attic above. After passing along the hall they suddenly turned into the rear room, and there, hanging to the door, with floor and a portion of the body resting on the floor, were the lifeless remains of a venerable gentleman, aged about fifty-five years, whose dress indicated that he moved in the upper walks of life. The men were so much alarmed to take in the entire situation, that they noticed near his feet a six chambered pistol and near his head a large pool of blood, and near the door a smaller one. The annexed diagram will better explain the position of the door, the body, the pistol and the pools of blood, in two numbers—

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whether one will be made by order of the Coroner. The jury, however, can easily establish the presence of a pistol shot wound if there is one.

THE FOLLOWING GENTLEMEN WERE SWORN AS JURORS AND THE INQUEST WILL BE HELD AT FLEMING'S HOTEL, LAUREL HILL, AT SEVEN O'CLOCK TO-MORROW (THURSDAY) NEXT: Foreman, Dennis O'Connell, Michael Kenna, Patrick Clobessey, William O'Connell, Maurice O'Connell, and Situations, James Burke, W. Allen, William Dix and James Duffy, Jr.

A FIGHT FOR THE JEWELRY.

In conversation with a Herald reporter, Mr. William O'Connell, one of the jurymen, made the following statement:—The building in which the body of the missing man was found is in the old Delaware Hotel, and situated at a corner of a sporting house kept by Jim Fleming, the resort of a very rough crowd. After the rumor had spread that there was a man in the building, a large number of roughs gathered on the body of the deceased, several of the crowd in Fleming's determined to obtain possession of the man who was in the building for a purpose, and a fight ensued. The man who was in the building was killed, and the roughs were driven away. The man who was in the building was killed, and the roughs were driven away. The man who was in the building was killed, and the roughs were driven away.

THE POSITION OF PIUS IX.

LECTURE BY BISHOP LYNCH ON THE DIFFICULTIES AND FUTURE PROSPECTS OF THE PAPACY.

At the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary of the Immaculate Conception, Leonard street, Williamsburg, last evening, a large congregation listened to an eloquent lecture on the present position of the Pope by Bishop Lynch, of South Carolina. The Bishop, speaking from the main altar, said:—My friends, if I needed an exordium for the words I am about to address you on the condition of the present Pontiff I would require but the very telegrams that have come across the ocean during the last twenty-four hours relating to the ultramontane agitation in France, the letters to the Cardinal of the Vatican and the discussions on the Pontiff and his reign in the French press, and the various attacks of the press now on the way to Rome from every portion of North and South America, from Canada to the north and Chile and the Argentine Republic on the south, England and France—in fact, all Europe—are furnishing their quota, until it is expected that at least 200,000 pilgrims will be in Rome on the occasion of the Pontiff's celebration of the fiftieth year of his being raised to the episcopacy. After giving a brief sketch of his Holiness from boyhood to the present day the speaker continued:—Stripped of province after province, he now remains in the Vatican only a resident on sufferance, and yet no man ever yet stood in the presence of Pius IX. with impressed with love and respect, entertaining no other thought but reverence for the good old man, so patient in such a position of difficulty. What shall be the upshot of this position? What the future before him? The Church? He held a double position. As head of the Catholic Church he was looked up to by all Catholics as the centre of authority, established by divine promise, and as ruler of the Church, he was looked up to by the Pope to confirm the brethren in the faith. Mainly he was, as his predecessors had been for 1,600 years, an sovereign, ruler of a great empire, and he was looked up to by the Pope to confirm the brethren in the faith. Mainly he was, as his predecessors had been for 1,600 years, an sovereign, ruler of a great empire, and he was looked up to by the Pope to confirm the brethren in the faith.

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At the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary of the Immaculate Conception, Leonard street, Williamsburg, last evening, a large congregation listened to an eloquent lecture on the present position of the Pope by Bishop Lynch, of South Carolina. The Bishop, speaking from the main altar, said:—My friends, if I needed an exordium for the words I am about to address you on the condition of the present Pontiff I would require but the very telegrams that have come across the ocean during the last twenty-four hours relating to the ultramontane agitation in France, the letters to the Cardinal of the Vatican and the discussions on the Pontiff and his reign in the French press, and the various attacks of the press now on the way to Rome from every portion of North and South America, from Canada to the north and Chile and the Argentine Republic on the south, England and France—in fact, all Europe—are furnishing their quota, until it is expected that at least 200,000 pilgrims will be in Rome on the occasion of the Pontiff's celebration of the fiftieth year of his being raised to the episcopacy. After giving a brief sketch of his Holiness from boyhood to the present day the speaker continued:—Stripped of province after province, he now remains in the Vatican only a resident on sufferance, and yet no man ever yet stood in the presence of Pius IX. with impressed with love and respect, entertaining no other thought but reverence for the good old man, so patient in such a position of difficulty. What shall be the upshot of this position? What the future before him? The Church? He held a double position. As head of the Catholic Church he was looked up to by all Catholics as the centre of authority, established by divine promise, and as ruler of the Church, he was looked up to by the Pope to confirm the brethren in the faith. Mainly he was, as his predecessors had been for 1,600 years, an sovereign, ruler of a great empire, and he was looked up to by the Pope to confirm the brethren in the faith.

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